heard of. This Hamlet was never rude to Polonius. His attitude towards the old Bromide (I thank you, Mr. Gelett Burgess, for teaching me that word which so lightly and charmingly describes the child of darkness and of platitude) was that of one who should say: " You dear, funny old simpleton, whom I have had to bear with all my life—how terribly in the way you seem now/' With what slightly amused and cynical playfulness this Hamlet said: " I had thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably."

Hamlet was by far his greatest triumph, although he would not admit it himself—preferring in some moods to declare that his finest work was done in Macbeth, which was almost universally disliked.

When I went with Coghlan to see Irving's Philip, this " Hamlet'' digression may have suggested that I was not in the least surprised at what I saw. Being a person little given to dreaming, and always living wholly in the present, it did not occur to me to wonder if I should ever act with this marvellous man. He was not at this time lessee of the Lyceum—Colonel Bateman was still alive—and I looked no further than my engagement at the Prince of Wales's, although in a few months it was to come to an end.

Although I was now earning a good salary, I still lived in lodgings at Camden Town, took an omnibus to and from the theatre, and denied myself all luxuries. I did not take a house until I went to the

Court
Theatre. It was then, too, that I had my first cottage
—a wee place at Hampton Court where my children were
very happy. They used to give performances of "As
You Like It" for the benefit of the Palace custodians—old
Crimean veterans, most of them—and when the children
had gro\m up these old men would still ask affectionately